THE

3d. Gates of Hell opend:

Eng. Poetry vol 16.

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

Observator. K

AND

Review

Dedicated to AMINADAB.

Written in the time of the late Dissolv'd PARLIAMENT.

By a Friend of the LIGHT.

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THE

Dedication.

O AMINADAB!

I have heard the marvelous Things that Thou haſt ſpoken, which hath much pleaſed me: I therefore do hold it an high time to acknow-

 ledge,

ledge, to ſignifie, to make known unto Thee, ſome hidden Things which are yet among the Sons and Daughters of the Holy City, leſt, by not being brought to Light, they cauſe Thee to behold another Viſion more abundantly terrible than thy former. For, lo! there be Neſts of Vipers amongſt them, which muſt be ſhaken off; for under their Tongue there lieth a deadly Poyſon: Thy many-headed Beaſt *knoweth them, and doth allow of them, as being like unto them,* a Devouring and King-killing Evil, *and Contemners of the Sons and Daughters of* Sion. *Harken therefore unto my Voice, and Thou ſhalt hear their Secrets diſcloſed unto Thee, that Thou mighteſt*

mightest withstand them Face to Face in these their Days of Evil, for they have seduced many People, as did their Father the Old Serpent. *My Mortal Sight hath beheld it, and I had a sore Longing that Thou shouldest hear thereof, moreover that Thou mightest be warded against them, for they come daily haunting us, and tempting us to taste of their* Forbidden Fruits, *the* Works of Darkness; *of which if Thou wilt not taste, they will slander Thee, and accuse Thee that Thou art an* Idolater, *or hast committed some* deadly Thing; *yea verily they will bely Thee until they believe it true, and can find a* whole Text *to prove it: Such is the Way*

of

of their Wickedneſs; ſuch their Vainglory *and* Contempt *is greatly known unto*

Thy Friend, &c.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE *Obſervator* and *Review*.

Obſervator.

TEll me, *Review*, what haſt thou late ſurvey'd,
Beſides th'old Failures of the *Britiſh* Trade?
A Trade ſo ſunk, that I my ſelf can ſwear
My *Obſervators* prove a vendleſs Ware:
I ſtarve my Hawkers ſince my Theme's grown dull;
And they, as all my Readers, curſe my Skull.
My Brains, indeed, are ſtrangely out of ſorts,
Since the Great Doctor preach'd *High-Church* Efforts.

Review.

I uſe more Words provoking than *Review*
Helps me to Senſe of, ſuch likewiſe do You.
Do you premiſe the common ſort of Folk
That nothing's coming but the *Gallick* Yoke;
That Pow'r on Earth is nat'rally in Them;
That Kings and Queens are *Horſes in a Team*;
Or that the Devil and the Pope will come,
And tear us all to pieces here at home;
That Wooden-Shoes will hurt thy *Roger*'s Feet,
Or that Epiſcopacy's all a Cheat:
While I in gentler Words thus ſooth the Town,
You've ſeen Succeſſion on Succeſſion grown,
And ſaw one time State-*Laws Event of* None;
How People can't be happy to foreſee
What will their future Good and Bleſſing be,
But that 'tis better ſomething Foreign come;
'Twill far exceed ſuch ſtale Delights at home:
And whether I mean young J——s or ancient *Will*——,
Shall to the Town remain a Queſtion ſtill.

Ob-

Obſervator.

My *Roger* told me, when we laſt conferr'd,
That all our Lyes are blown, our Legions marr'd;
That Men of Senſe behold our dark Deſigns,
And Loyal Mob againſt our Faction joins.
We ſtirr'd too deep in the Fanatick Mire,
Too ſoon we blow'd the kindling Coals of Fire;
Our Politicks too openly were ſpread,
For Folks in every Line Rebellion read.
A *Salvo* now wou'd be of Glorious Uſe;
Something we muſt, the Nation to amuſe:
If I the *Oaken Towel* now lay by,
And ſay we've drank our fam'd *October* dry,
'Tis now ſo ſtale, the World will call it Lye.
What then muſt we ——

Review,

Let me, ſince 'tis reſolv'd our Friends at Court
Muſt be forbid to have their wont' reſort,

No more to ſooth with fawning Aſpects there,
Inceſſant Praiſes to their Mem'ry rear.
'Tis Charity at leaſt to praiſe the Bad;
What I aſſert ſhall never be gainſaid:
For tho' ſome Noble P—s Ignobl'd be,
Their *Character*'s my Theme, it is not *They*;
A pure excuſive Cunning which I uſe
In my Defence, the Commons to amuſe.
This will my former Topicks ſtill uphold,
I write all *Moderation*, yet am bold:
A Trick ſo ſly, preſerving of my Fame,
My *Writings* can't be odious like my *Name*.
Tutchin thus us'd when he began to write,
Ne'er told what Devil for him did indite,
But hatch'd his Country's Good all under Spight.

Obſervator.

'Tis true I've nurs'd the Brood, which finely grew,
Sly in the Shade, as rankeſt Hemlocks do,
And by degrees they ſpread into the Sun,
Had all the Beds Canonical o'er-run;

Till

Till the Great Doctor from his Slumber roſe,
Took *Paul*'s Great Sword, with Apoſtolick Blows,
Hew'd 'em in pieces, bruis'd their growing Heads,
This the *Sword* lops, and that the *Word* forbids,
And mangl'd Schiſm now lies down and bleeds:
Our Faction gaſps, and trembling Hereſie
Cries loud for Help, but help'd ſhe cannot be.
Our ancient Son Hypocriſie's cut down,
Falſe Brethren all run mad about the Town.
Alas! how vain we ſtrive to skreen the worſt!
Confuſion dumbs when tender Conſcience's forc'd.
Our formal Cry of Perſecution now
We muſt revive, or what can Faction do?
What can her Sons and Daughters build upon?
All Het'rodoxal Schemes are dead and gone.

Review.

Let me ſum up how oft th'Attempt was made,
Who firſt began our Topicks to invade,
Who made the City Youth believe that Kings
Were the great Fount' where Ruling Power ſprings,

And

And not the Peoples Property and Right,
Such as our Faction prompts us to indite.
Old *Heraclitus* ridicul'd the Theme,
Till ſerious Jury, which from *Faction* came,
With partial Verdict padlock'd up his Lips,
Leſt City Youth ſhou'd all purſue his ſteps.
Rehearſal next aroſe with brandiſh'd Zeal,
To try if he our Topicks cou'd expell;
His piercing Arguments, too plain and true,
From ſome of us Conſent and Yielding drew.
Then, to uphold 'gainſt Reaſon's mighty Force,
More *Ridicule* I us'd, and leſs *Diſcourſe*:
A weak Defence; it gave the Giant ſcope;
He ſent me Hemp, I quickly made my Rope;
And being hung, the Faction, ſtill my Friends,
Brand him with Pop'ry, ſo I got my Ends.
They found out *Ways and Means* to dumb the Man,
And I in triumph writ t'applaud the ſame.
But now the Heroe of the Church's Cauſe
Has ſearch'd her Wounds, has found in State the Flaws,
Has rooted out the old Seditious Brood,
Diſguis'd ſo long in the ſweet Name of Good.

I ſee no Reparation can be made,
To help the weak Foundation we have laid:
The Superſtructure never can be rais'd,
Since now the firſt Foundation is diſplac'd;
No *Commonwealth* can grow where *Scriptures* thrive,
Nor *Monarchy* be void while *Biſhops* live.
Yet let's conſider——

Obſervator.

We yet have left a Golden Idol here,
Which moſt Men worſhip; ſome for *Love*, ſome *Fear*;
Millions did make it, Millions to undo,
Which *Roger*'s Countrey-men contribute to.
He's been an Age a growing God to us;
Some have much Bleſſing by't, and ſome a Curſe.
Our Faction have great Intereſt in's Love,
Which may in time our happy Refuge prove:
For tho' by Arguments we're trampl'd on,
This Idol can for all Miſhaps attone.
What tho' we can't our Principles enforce,
To make Succeſſion ſuit *my L — d M——r's Horſe?*

Or

Or make the People fancy they are Kings,
Equal with any that are call'd ſuch Things?
Or that their Pow'r's an old inherent Right,
Accountable to none, how they came by't?
That *Kings* are made by *Them*, and when they pleaſe
May them unmake for every one's own Eaſe?
What tho' we can't diſſwade our Youth from Church
Without the *Oaken Towel* or the *Birch*?
Or prove her *Common-Prayer*'s Popery,
Or that her Ceremonies ſuch-like be?
Or that her *Prieſts* Impoſtors are, and damn'd,
For taking Tythes againſt an old Command?
Or that *Epiſcopacy*'s impoſtolick,
And is no part of the *Church Catholick*?
Suppoſe we can't do all thoſe things we wou'd,
Let's not to others, but *ourſelves* do good:
Our Idol here, if manag'd Factious-wiſe,
Can rule her Rulers, and their Pow'r deſpiſe.
When once this Idol to Great *Eugene* ſpoke,
He ſtretch'd his Arm, and ſhook the *Gallick* Yoke.
Such Pow'r and Force her Wealthy Voice affords,
Can rail out Kings, and ſooth in Factious L——ds;

Can

Can raiſe a Major-ſet to help us on
At next Election, or w'are all undone.
To this effect I've writ to all our Friends;
The Project's bleſs'd, but doubt the Conſequence.

Review.

When with *Ænigma*'s once I plagu'd the Town,
To know what to my ſelf was quite unknown,
Rewards of my *Reviews* for Knowledge went,
I purchas'd Underſtanding with my Cant.
Thy Golden Idol like *Ænigma* ſeems,
And all thy Fancy on't like idle Dreams.
If Noble *B------t*, *C---d*, or *Dan---b*, riſe
T'oppoſe thy Project, ſtrait thy Idol dies;
His Monſtrous Paunch diſgorges when they call,
Tho' Vulgar Notions are 'tis Faction's all:
A cunning Bugbear to engage a Mob
On Faction's ſide ——
'Twas a long time a hopeful Thing deſign'd,
For *Wealth* breeds Tumult when with *Faction* join'd:

'Tis the great Argument we all adore,
For it can make all *Kings laſt Reaſons* roar.
How ſubtle thoſe in Declarations ſeen,
Raiſing the Nation's Wealth for Them and King!
A glorious Project, to amuſe the Realm
That all it gave was for the King at Helm;
While He, poor Prince! ſtriving againſt the Stream,
Beſought His Subjects, did Returns proclaim:
But cunning Faction's Probity was ſuch,
For all its Wealth return'd but State-Reproach.
Such We, whene'er Deceit will be our Guide,
Whene'er like Them we in the Saddle ride,
With pious Speech we'll exerciſe our Pride;
Cry loud for Juſtice, to avoid ſuſpicion,
And grant the *greater Rogue* the *great'ſt Commiſſion.*
Myſelf, tho' now poor mis'rable *Review*,
May come to head a Squadron, if not Two;
And Thou, tho' now in *Obſervations* dull,
May'ſt be in time to come an Admiral:
For, tho' we write in feigned things that we
Are Champions of the *Engliſh Liberty*,

Howe'er

Howe'er untrue, or odly we pretend,
Our *Property*, new-modell'd, to defend,
And ſeem the Pow'r of *Kings* down toward ſend,
Our *Faction* pleas'd will have us in their view;
Errors long held, defended are as true;
They'll make our Canting Lyes to be approv'd,
All *Stumbling-blocks* and all *Obſtructions* mov'd.

Obſervator.

In vain you wiſh, from time to time prolong
The heavy, heavy Burthen of our Song:
How can thy Stratagems Promotion meet?
You Head an Army? *I* Command a Fleet?
Don Quixot might his fooliſh *Sancho* pleaſe
With diſtant Fame to be attain'd with Eaſe.
My Patience hurries from me like a Cloud,
Driven by Storm above the bending Shroud;
My Courage waves, my Faculties are mad,
To find You hope when all Deſigns prove bad.
How can a *Factious Cauſe* bring forth Content,
How be maintain'd, without *High Members* in't?

How can great Int'reſt riſe by ſuch Deſigns,
When C — rt as well as Kingdom 'gainſt us joins?
Hard is our Task, when *High-Church L--ds* are in,
We muſt to work to write 'em out agen;
For if *High-Church* again at C--rt's preferr'd,
Our Hopes at next Election all are marr'd.
Nay, *Roger* ſays (and ſometimes he tells true)
The Nation all throughout hate *Me* and *You*;
Says, Every Child, in every Town he comes,
Can on the *Doctor* raiſe Encomiums;
Can point out thoſe who voted Crimes on Him,
Write Satyrs on them, and the Men contemn:
So far unlikely are we to prevail!
I know not why we ſhou'd not now turn Tail,
Un-ſing our Defamations and our Lyes,
Withſtand Diſgrace, ſhake off our old Diſguiſe;
Aloud diſcover what can't be conceal'd,
Under *New Titles* will be as reveal'd.

Review.

Review.

You know when *Tutchin Ch——ll* vilify'd,
With ſlieſt Circumſtances modify'd;
Made ſeem as He our Army wou'd betray,
And fill'd the Town with ſuch damn'd Lyes as they,
Till Mob believ'd, and each Judicious Head
Grew doubtful of his Conduct as they read;
Such Root it took, ſtill help'd with *Roger*'s Cant,
It ſcarcely Credit any where did want,
Till down from *Bleinheim* unexpected came
The louder Voice of Victory and Fame,
Join'd to expreſs the Merits of his Name;
Then *Tutchin*, tempted by his changeling Muſe,
Wrote counter to Himſelf to make Excuſe;
He fawn'd and flatter'd next in high Extremes,
They outran *Him*, or *He* outran His Themes;
Became of Men of Senſe the Scorn and Scoff:
Such We, if e'er our Figments we leave off.
Wide *Liberty*, when join'd with Impudence,
Vail'd with a tender Conſciences pretence,

Fits

Fits a Man out for ev'ry kind of Work,
To imitate a *Chriſtian*, or a *Turk*;
T'abuſe his Neighbour, or to cozen him,
With Faces fair, and all Deceit within.
Such Man may ſafe to *Conventicle* go,
As fair to *Church*, and yet be Churches Foe.
A Maſquerade the *Jeſuits* confeſs
They owe to our abhorr'd Contrivances;
Old Popery with them we ſeem to hate,
Yet by *pretended Conſcience* we are *That*.
Religion lurks in ev'ry kind of thing;
'Tis Metamorphos'd in the Voice, *No King!*
Sometimes *Rebellion* raiſes it on high,
Sometimes again it ſtoops to *Monarchy*;
One while we call it *Craft* and *Prieſts Deſign*,
Sometimes all *Holy*, *Righteous*, and *Divine*:
In ſhort, it ſerves for managing our Cauſe,
Sometimes *againſt*, and ſometimes *for* the Laws;
In all Elections it for ever ſways;
It Preaches *Cunning* louder than it Prays;

It gets Majorities on *Conſcience* ſide,
And does *our Faction* from *High-Church* divide;
We call her *Whore*, as 'tis the way of Whores
To cry *Whore* firſt, leſt we diſcover ours.

Obſervator.

All this is true: But now you ſee all Towns
Incorporate within the *Britiſh* Bounds,
Loudly Addreſs, and to the Q——n declare
They ſee our Falſhood, and againſt us are;
Therefore we muſt reform; for Shame and Guilt
Surround the Faction, ſuch ne'er Faction felt!
The Dons that us ſupport, muſt all conſent,
Cry *Kings* aloud, but whiſper *Parliament*;
Muſt ope' their Purſes to enforce the Cauſe,
Slily contrive to circumvent the Laws;
For what we want in Merit is ſupply'd
By *Cant*, and *wheedl'd Members Moneyſy'd*.
New Words in New Deſigns are mighty Aids,
They're much affected by the Factious Blades.

Religion next, I'll call another thing;
Arch-Rogue a *Biſhop*, *'nointed* one, a *King*;
Each Office where we have no Truſt at all,
Their Officers Nicknames and Cheats I'll call;
Set the whole Town in Fears and Jealouſies;
When things are gouern'd quiet'ſt, 'twill ſurprize,
And tho' Folks Eyes are open, bid 'em ope' their (Eyes.)

Review.

Much Ignorance our better way's to plead,
'Twill cheat mens Senſe, their Ears 'twill captive lead.
We'd better ſtand the cenſuring Voice of Senſe,
Till Paſſion moderates, and Grudge repents.
The only way blind-ſides of Foes to find,
Is to ſeem dull, and ignorantly kind;
Wheedle for Knowledge to the Men we hate,
At leaſt to thoſe we have deſign to cheat;
Praiſe their fine Senſe, admire all they do
As wondrous, out of reach of Me or You;

Receive

Receive their Documents, converted ſeem,
Know well their Minds, keep Falſhood cloſe within;
While they a Conqueſt o'er us think they gain,
Backbite and Slander Two for One has ſlain.
So that in Ambuſh we may lie, yet ſeen
With open Countenance like honeſt Men.
Hypocriſie kept cloſe, like Fire, ſpreads
Through ſecret Vents into a Thouſand Heads;
Unquenchably it through the Faction runs,
Sears up the Conſciences of all her Sons;
Which done, to work we go and lead them on,
With wonted *Canto* to Rebellion.
Till then farewell. Remember my Advice,
And Faction Thou as well as Me ſhall prize.

Obſervator.

One Word for *Finis*-ſake, and I have done;
The great Cabal, the mighty Work's begun:
Both Blood and Fury now decline our Cauſe,
Both ſtagnate, both recoil and bilk the Laws.

Fury, that us'd to push with great Designs,
Her Arms are ty'd, she forcibly resigns;
The Factious Blood's pent up in narrow Bounds,
And Church and State disclose our secret Wounds:
All things in *Passive State* must stand and be
(They say) from hence to all Eternity.

FINIS.